LITTLE BLACKNOSE

HILDEGARDE HOYT SWIFT

Peter [redacted]
Lombard, Illinois

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LITTLE BLACKNOSE

by HILDEGARDE HOYT SWIFT
Illustrated by LYND WARD

Little Blacknose was the first steam engine built for the New York Central Railroad and was a pioneer in transportation. His real name was DeWitt Clinton, and he huffed and puffed his way from Albany to Schenectady for many years, scaring horses and people and enjoying every minute of it. You may have seen the little engine at one of the big fairs or in Grand Central, not at all like the diesel monsters of today.

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LITTLE BLACKNOSE

THE STORY OF A PIONEER

BY HILDEGARDE HOYT SWIFT

ILLUSTRATED BY

LYND WARD

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To all good engines,
And to all boys and girls
Who like to wave at them,
This book is dedicated
By the author.

PREFACE

ALL that is written in this book about Little Blacknose is true. It is really his-story! Other people and other books have helped me to write it. But most of all I wish to thank a big man in a big office, Mr. Charles Frederick Carter, the "official historian" of the New York Central Railroad. Next I wish to thank a little boy who lives in my house, who wrote all the Running Songs that Little Blacknose sings. His name is Hewson Swift.

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LITTLE BLACKNOSE

THE TRUE AND HONEST STORY
OF THE DEWITT CLINTON ENGINE,
AND OF ALL THAT HE SAW AND DID

CHAPTER I: WHAT AM I?

CLANG-CLANG, CLANG-clang, CLANG-clang! Up and over and down, up and over and down, great hammers went swinging, falling with a ringing noise on long bars of iron stretched out on huge anvils. AH—SWISH

SHUSSSH! With a noise like the hiss of a thousand snakes a furnace door opened, and out came a running stream of fire. It ran down into grooves in the sand; it stayed in the sand; the fire faded out of it; it changed into bars of iron.

HEAT, HEAT, HEAT—heat from the anvils, heat from the furnaces, heat everywhere! Men were running around in the heat. Their faces and hands were black and their bare backs were dripping with sweat.

He was new, brand spick and span new, just freshly dressed in a shining coat of black, and he had a long black nose that stuck straight up in front of him, like an upside-down elephant's trunk. He didn't mind the heat, for he had been born from it —born from the furnaces, shaped on the anvils, put together by the labor of men. To

be sure, when they had hammered the rivets into his side, he had shrieked with pain, but he was finished now—that was all over. He was finished and ready. Ready for what? Who was he? What was he? Where was he going? Oh, he did wish he could find out!

CLANG-clang, CLANG-clang!

Ah, some men were coming toward him at this very moment! They often came to look at him. Joe was with them, Joe who had helped to make him—Joe, the cleverest worker in the foundry. Joe was all black and grimy, but the six men who were with him were dressed-up men, silk-hatted, striped-trousered, as were most men in those days, for that was the queer way men dressed!

They walked all around him, climbed up on him, opened his fire-box door, tried the lever of his safety-valve.

"Well, he's a wonder!"

"Quite a new invention!"

"Yes, sir, rightly something of a curiosity, sir!"

"But will he work, Joe?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we've made two before this. They worked, sir! Quite popular they be in England, they tell me, sir. The last one we shipped south. 'The Best Friend of Charleston' they called it. This fellow—he'll make thirty miles an hour, or more, sir."

"I shouldn't think so."

"*I* shouldn't like to ride behind him."

"He'll burst his boiler before he's gone a mile."

"Oh, no, sir!"

The men drifted away to poke and stare and crane at something else.

"Stupid things," thought Blacknose sadly.

"How can they get around on those long, thin stalks? I'm glad I have wheels—four good, round, sensible wheels! Go? Of course I can go. Joe is right. Why won't they let me go, instead of keeping me shut up here in this . . ."

Ah, Joe was coming back now, a great load of fresh wood in his arms.

"Well, old fire-eater, I'll just get up a little steam in your boiler, and we'll see again whether you work or not. Poor old iron horse, just rearin' to get away, I'll bet! But you'll have to wait till David Mathew comes. David's the boy to fetch you."

Iron horse—iron horse? So that's what he was—a horse! But from where he stood in his corner, Blacknose could look out of one of the foundry windows and see the horses going up and down Beach Street, outside.

This was New York City, in the Spring of 1831, and horses were everywhere. Horses went on thin stalks like men; they didn't go on wheels. How could he be a horse when he went on wheels? Well, anyway, he was a "wonder" and Joe was giving him some wood to eat, at last, and soon David would come to take him away. Away, away—he didn't care where, he didn't care where!

Phew! The fire in his fire-box was getting very hot! Was he really getting up steam?

"Sh, sh, sh, sh—ankshush to go! Ankshushshsh to go!" He tried saying it over and over to himself. Oh, how excited he was getting! Who was that standing down there, looking at him now? It was another man in a tall hat, but some way he looked different from the ones who had come before—nicer, perhaps. He looked like a visitor; yet he

seemed at home in the foundry. Joe had shut the fire-box door with a bang the minute he caught sight of him and had jumped right down to speak to the newcomer.

"Why, Mr. Mathew, we've been expecting you for days. What do you think of your locomotive?"

"Mr. Mathew"—his man? "Locomotive"—so that was his name. L-O-C-O-M-O-T-I-V-E. He was a locomotive and David Mathew had come for him, at last!

CHAPTER II: ALBANY! ALBANY!

When the little locomotive, or the little iron horse, or whatever he was, finally poked his long, black smoke-stack out into the light of day and left forever the clang-clang of his foundry birthplace, it was a lovely day in

June. The birds were singing and the sun was shining down on bright, green grass. Children were rollicking under tall, shady elm trees, playing and running over the grass. Old New York was a jolly village in those days. When the children rolled their balls into the streets, they ran quickly to fetch them. No monster cars came rushing by to make it dangerous. No skyscrapers shut out the light. No roar of traffic hurt the ears.

At first little Blacknose was very happy.

"Free! Free! Free!" he thought to himself. "I shall run, as the children do. I shall roll my wheels round and round. I shall go like the wind. 'Thirty miles an hour,' Joe said. What does that mean? Never mind! I shall go thirty miles an hour."

But what was this? Why were they fast-

ening chains to his front? Why were they pushing and pulling him up a big plane of wood on to a great cart, to which four of the thin-stalked horse-creatures were tied? Now the horse-creatures were pulling him along the street, and crowds of people were running after him and shouting. The wheels of the cart were turning round and round, but his own wheels were stiff and still.

"It's an insult," he thought to himself, "an insult! Shall I never go by myself, shall I never be really free?"

They took him down to the end of a wharf and here was another wide plane of wood, built specially for his use. They pushed and pulled and jollied him up this plane of wood and over the end of it into one of the big Hudson River Steamers. It was hard work getting him up on to the boat, for he weighed

as much as forty fat men or one big elephant, but soon he was safely on board.

"Well, what now?" he thought.

"Hooray," cried the men from the foundry who had helped to haul him.

"Good-by!" called David Mathew.

"Good-by! Good luck, good luck!" called the foundry men.

Blacknose heard the great boat-engine start to throb. He saw two big wheels, one on each side of the boat, begin to turn, at first slowly, slowly, then faster and faster. The water came spraying up over them, silver and shining in the sunlight. The wharf where they had just been grew smaller and smaller. They were off and away.

Now a first boat ride is always a very exciting event. Of course a locomotive couldn't run up into the very tiniest point of the bow

to feel the wind in its face, or back to the stern to watch the great widening, splashy wake the boat makes, or dash down to the engine room to watch the engine work and talk to the firemen, or back to eat a delightful though strange kind of a lunch out of a paper box. A locomotive couldn't do that, but Blacknose had only been on board a very few minutes before he had a much more interesting experience than any child could have had.

He was listening and looking around, trying to ignore the crowds of curious people that were always staring at him, when he suddenly realized that the boat engine was talking to him.

"Well, how do you do, Brother of the Steam! I am proud to be carrying *you* up the Hudson. I hear my firemen talking about

you. They say you, too, will run on great wheels as I do, but that you will run over the land as I run over the water. They say you will change the land as I have changed the water. They say you are wonderful and will soon be very great and famous, as I am. They tell me you were born in the West Point Foundry where I was made. So you are really my brother. Were we not born in the same house? Welcome, Brother of the Steam, and good fortune attend you!"

When Blacknose made this out from the throbbing of the boat's engine, he was greatly pleased and excited. He longed to answer and express his thanks, but he couldn't. He had been built without any bell or whistle, and as his steam wasn't up, he couldn't speak at all. He tried to creak a little, but this wouldn't work in the least,

for he was too well built; so he had to content himself with silence.

By this time they had gone a long way up the Hudson, and left New York City far behind. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—that was as far as New York could count in those days! Now it counts its streets way up into the hundreds, and it adds and multiplies streets very fast too. Then there was only a barn where the tallest skyscraper now stands, and almost all of great, famous, busy Broadway, with its theaters and gay signs and dazzling lights, was a thin, muddy, crooked country road!

At West Point Blacknose noticed something which interested him. It was a stone wall with long round things, something like his own smoke-stack, sticking out of it. The

ship's engine politely explained that they were guns, placed there to guard the river against enemy ships.

"Oh, yes," thought the locomotive, "I do believe they used to make those things in the foundry where I was born, but no one ever told me what they were before."

When the boat's engine began to talk about enemy ships, Blacknose grew a little nervous.

"Will any of them attack us?" was a question he would have liked to ask, but of course he couldn't. However, he looked with great care at all the boats they passed and studied the different flags.

There were very few steamboats like the one he was on, but the river was full of ships—schooners and sloops and clipper ships and all kinds of sailing and fishing

vessels, little and big.

Just as he was wondering and worrying, he noticed another great steamboat that seemed to be trying to draw up alongside theirs. It was going very fast and was plainly trying to overtake them. The people on board were shouting and waving and seemed greatly excited.

At first he was awfully afraid, but there were no long, black, round things sticking out of the new boat's side. So it couldn't be coming to attack them! What did it want?

Two boys who were standing near the little locomotive began to jump up and down and shriek with excitement.

"A race, a race! Hurrah! Hurrah! I bet on us!"

A race—so that was what it was. Well, just what *was* a race?

"TOOT! TOOT! TOOT! I'm coming to catch you," shrieked the new boat's whistle.

Then, did he dream it, or was his own boat going faster and faster through the water? Yes, it was leaping ahead; the water rushed by, a streak of white on either side. Now he heard the engine gasping.

"Oh, dear, Oh, DEAR-they-shan't-catch-me. I'm-the-fastest-boat-on-the-river; never-been-passed. Oh, dear-I-can't-keep-this-up. I-shall-burst-my-boiler! Oh-oh-oh!"

The boat leapt forward. The whistle shrilled a shriek of triumph—"wooo! woooo! woo! You can't catch us now."

Yes, the other boat was far behind. Blacknose was very excited and happy. He wanted to tell the boat's engine how proud he was of him; he longed to call out, "Hurrah for the West Point Foundry!" But of course he

couldn't. His steam wasn't up.

After the race, things seemed to grow rather dull. Blacknose was tired. It took fifteen whole hours to go up the Hudson to Albany in those days, and that was a long trip for a little locomotive.

"This is just as bad as the foundry, after all," he cried to himself. "I can't use my wheels here, any more than I could there. Oh, I'm tired of staying still all the time. Will they never let me go free?"

And just then he heard the ship's engine saying, "Now we're coming to Albany, Albany, Albany!"

It seemed to be true, for soon there was a great hurry and bustle on board ship—people rushing and children shouting, and other people on shore came rushing and shouting to meet them. They took Blacknose off the

boat, down a tilted plane of wood like the one up which he had been moved before, and they carried him through the streets of Albany on a truck.

Albany in those days was rather like a jolly village, too, just as New York was. Only a few thousand people lived there then, all told. But it seemed to the poor little locomotive that at least a million had come out of their homes and were chasing at his wheels. For everywhere he went a crowd gathered and dashed after him and shrieked and shouted all kinds of things about and at him.

There was so much confusion and noise that he understood very little of what was said, which was a good thing, because it wasn't all nice and pleasant by any means. They carried him to the end of a lane called

Lydius Street, and here he saw, for the first time in his life, two shining rails running up a hill on what looked like a road of wood.

When he saw the place he had a funny feeling all through his pipes and boiler, for he knew, though he didn't know how he knew, that this was the track which would fit his wheels, the very track, in fact, for which his wheels had been made, and that here he would win success and glory—or failure and the scrap-heap. Oh, he did hope so hard with all his pipes that it *would* be glory!

He was feeling glad and thrilled, excited and a bit frightened, when, just then, he had one of the most unpleasant experiences of his life. An old roan horse, a horrible, hardened, insolent sort of horse, not an iron horse but a common cart-pulling kind of a horse,

walked right up and insulted him.

"You!" said the haughty horse. Yes, he walked right up to little Blacknose and snorted at him, and then, perhaps because Blacknose was so quiet or perhaps because his long, black smoke-stack and big wheels looked rather terrible, the horse suddenly whisked around on his hind hoofs and galloped away. But at a distance of ten yards or so he turned round and looked at the locomotive and snorted again.

Then he came walking slowly back. He walked all round Blacknose, making a horrid, sneering whistle through his nostrils. When he had gone all the way around he stopped in front of him and stuck his long, ugly, reddish-yellow nose right out at the little engine's smoke-stack, flicking his upper lip back over his teeth as he did so, which is

a way mean horses have when they are about to be *ve-ry* unpleasant!

"You horrid brute!" said the horse.

Blacknose didn't answer (of course we know he couldn't yet) but his boiler began to grow warm, even though there was no fire in his fire-box.

"You great, ugly, useless *beast!*" said the horse.

And now Blacknose was angry—really angry. All the more so because the people who were standing near him began to laugh and seemed to be enjoying the horse's rudeness.

"If ever I have a chance to get even with *you*, horrid old horse . . ." the poor little engine thought.

"I've heard enough about *you*," continued the horse with all the rudest kinds of snorts

and sniffles and whinnies, "to upset a dozen grocery-carts—and I've heard NOTHING GOOD. They say you're an iron horse. A horse, indeed! You look more like a circus camel, with that great, ugly hump in the middle of you. Go back to the circus! That's where you belong! You're a horror! They say you will take the work away from us. Will you eat our oats for us, too?"

"You call *me* homely—you hideous, red, thin-stalked thing!" the angry little engine cried to himself.

"For years and years, rain or shine, we've pulled the coaches over this railroad," the old horse raved on. "Yes, and gone fast too. How fast can you go? Do you think you could ever catch up with us? Not you! Iron can't beat horse-flesh. Why don't you answer me, you ugly hulk—can't you even hear?"

"I'LL ANSWER YOU WHEN MY STEAM IS UP!" thought the locomotive in a rage. "So I can't run as fast as you can—we'll just see about that. WHEN MY STEAM IS UP I'll put the fear of death into you back-woods horses!"

But all this the little engine could only think, as yet. He seemed to stand silent and cold and make no sound. So of course the old horse thought that he had got the best of the argument. With indescribable haughtiness he turned on his back legs and made off to tell all his brothers in harness how he had visited the iron stranger and promptly put him in his place. And as he went he snorted lightly back over his shoulder at little Blacknose:

"Humph! I guess that settles you, you great black camel-thing!"

"YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE!" thought little Blacknose.

CHAPTER III: THE SHINING RAILS

PERHAPS it was just as well for Blacknose that the roan horse did walk up and insult him the very first day of his coming to Albany. For the strange crowds and the mysterious, shining track had made him feel very

shy and uncertain of himself. He wasn't at all sure that his wheels would turn. He wasn't at all sure that his boiler wouldn't burst. He wasn't at all sure of anything—until the ugly horse had talked to him. But somehow that unpleasant conversation gave him strength and courage. His back was up now, and it was an iron back, at that!

"I'll just show every one," he thought. "I'm a wonder, a wonder, A WONDER!" And he said it to himself fiercely and firmly over and over again. The more he said it, the more sure he was it was true.

But he had need of all his courage the very next day when a big gang of men came and fastened chains to the front of him.

"What in the world are these chains for?" he wondered. He knew that something strange and exciting was about to happen,

but he didn't know just what the something was—and that is pretty hard for any one, even for a little iron horse.

The chains stretched up the hill ahead of him along the shining track—up, up, up. At the top of the hill, though this he couldn't see as yet, was a funny kind of engine that went by steam, and yet had to stay all the time in the same place. A great big spool was a part of it. The steam made the spool turn round and round and wind the chains up tighter and tighter, just as a little boy winds a string around a top to spin it. Up, up, up, the chains were pulling Blacknose. Slowly, slowly, his wheels began to turn. Slowly, slowly, he was being dragged up the hill.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear," he cried to himself, "are they always going to lead me around by the nose this way? I don't like it!"

But now the top of the hill was reached, and away in the distance ahead of him, first side by side, then changing into one thin little ribbon of silver, stretched the shining rails. And now the gang of men rushed at Blacknose again. They unfastened the chains from his front.

"Thank Goodness!" he thought.

They brought up a tender filled with wood (people call them coal-cars now, but this was a wood-car!) and they fastened it tightly on behind him.

"Wood! Now I shall have something to eat," hoped the poor hungry little engine.

Then David Mathew appeared. He climbed upon the back part of Blacknose. He opened the fire-box door. He threw chunk after chunk of wood deep into the engine's hungry, yawning mouth. It was a

wide mouth, a useful mouth, even though it was back of his nose and not just under it, like most people's!

"Come, old fellow, we'll see what you can do," David said as he built the fire in the fire-box. "No more puttering around with chains for you. Either I'll take you to Schenectady this very day, or you'll blow up and take me to Gallyhooscka—one or t'other, sure as fate!"

Then the men put two big barrels of water on the tender, and they gave Blacknose a great, long drink till his boiler was full of cool, refreshing water. But it didn't stay cool long; it grew warmer and warmer and warmer.

"SH! SH! SH!" the steam was coming—creeping, creeping. Now it was rushing through all his pipes and veins.

"Choo! Choo! Choo! Oh, hurrah! Hurrah!" He could talk. He could talk. He had found his steam at last!

Now when Blacknose had first come up over the edge of the hill—so slowly, so slowly—he had been very much surprised to see the engine that was pulling him. It looked much like himself, of course, though it hadn't any wheels. And now that he had found his steam he at once politely thanked the engine that couldn't move from its place for pulling him. (He hadn't liked it at all, really, but he thought it better to be polite.)

"Saved me a lot of trouble," he said, pretending that he *could* have done it all by himself.

"Oh, don't mention it," the quiet engine answered.

"Were you born at the West Point Foundry, too?" Blacknose asked a bit wistfully, hoping to find another friend.

"Oh, deah, no, I came from England!" the other engine answered, which, somehow, seemed to end the conversation.

Meanwhile the water in the little locomotive's boiler had been getting hotter and hotter. Oh, how the steam came rushing!

"Choo, choo, choo!"

He snorted and puffed. He looked at the shining rails. He trembled with eagerness. He was wild to go. But would he go? Could he go? Could he run along the shining rails all by himself?

"Choo, choo, choo! Let me go, let me go, let me go!" he gasped. And as if in answer, he felt his levers move, felt his four wheels begin to turn, heard the crowd of people

behind him shout and cheer, and knew that he was off at last.

"Choo, choo, choo! Free, free, free!" he cried, but his joyful puffing soon turned to fear. He was getting horribly hot. Was he going to blow up? *Was* he going to, just as those horrid men had said?

Faster, faster, faster! Now the trees and fields were rushing by—so fast they seemed only a blur to poor little Blacknose. He was horribly dizzy as well as horribly hot. Could he hold the track? Could he stand the heat?

But the shining rails stretched serenely ahead; wherever they led, his wheels seemed to follow. Pretty soon he grew used to the heat and the motion; nothing dreadful happened, and his fear was gone. And then he began to sing to himself:

"Te-dick, te-dack,
Get off the track,
T-double-*Y* ditty,
T-double-*Y* ditty—"

And he tried "Sche-*nec*-tady—Sche-*nec*-tady—SCHE-*nec*-TADY" over and over, quite happily, liking its sound very much.

They had run on in this way for ever and ever so long when all at once, Blacknose saw in the distance the roofs of a city shining in the sunlight.

"Sche-nec-tady,
Sche-*nec*-tady!" he sang,
"Can this be
SCHE-*nec*-TADY?"

Just at this moment he heard David Mathew give a great shout behind him.

"One more mile, old boy, one more mile! We've made it—we've made our run! One

hour and forty-five minutes! Hurrah!"

"Glory, glory, glory!" Blacknose sang—and just then he saw the very end of the track, and slipped, proudly puffing, into the midst of a cheering, shouting crowd. The people rushed around him on all sides; they fairly yelled with excitement. When they saw David Mathew they put him up on their shoulders and carried him around.

"What's he done to get carried?" Blacknose thought. "Haven't I carried him all the way?" But he had no reason to be jealous, for every one was very nice to him, too, and he heard himself called a wonder many, many times.

They gave him another delicious drink of water and a long rest. Probably he slipped off to sleep, worn out with all the excitement, for he suddenly came to himself with

a jerk and found they were feeding him chunks of wood again.

Oh, dear—oh, dear—he would much rather sleep than eat. Couldn't a poor little engine even have his rest out, when he had come so far and done so well? And where in the world did they want him to go? Hadn't he come to the end of the track? Did they expect him to climb trees, or jump over house-tops? What *were* they going to do with him? A great fear seized poor Blacknose, which quickly changed to terror when he suddenly felt that his wheels were moving. What! It couldn't be true, but, yes, it was—HE WAS BEGINNING TO GO THE WRONG WAY!

Horror, horror, horror! He was going backward. He couldn't see the track. He was sure he wouldn't know how to follow it. It

was awful! Something dreadful was sure to happen. Oh, if only he had blown up and burst at once, and not waited for a strange death that might jump on him from behind.

For mile after mile little Blacknose slid backward, gasping and coughing and trembling, with great hot drops of fear standing out all over his black boiler. But nothing dreadful happened, after all, just as nothing dreadful had happened when he was first afraid, and pretty soon he began to feel a little happier. Faster and faster he went (it was all downhill back to Albany), but with every turn of the wheels, now, new courage came to him. He began to think things over.

"I suppose they wanted to get me back to Albany where I came from and at Schenectady there wasn't any way to turn me round

—and of course I can go either way just as well."

Now he was feeling very much pleased with himself and not afraid one bit. He drew great deep puffs of pride as he slid along.

"Why, I can go backward even *better* than forward," he gloated. Of course he could, since it was all downhill. "I'd just like to see that old red horse try this!"

When he finally slipped, back-end first, into the middle of the cheering crowd that came to meet him at Albany, he was a very happy little engine. Oh, how the people shouted! Oh, how they called him big and wonderful names! Yes, even the engine-that-couldn't-go spoke up and said:

"How do you do? I congratulate you."

Blacknose hadn't the faintest idea what

that meant, but it gave him a very nice feeling inside.

He was a wonder; there was no doubt of that. His secret, trial trip had gone well, and he had come home from Schenectady in only thirty-five minutes! What was this they were talking about? Every one was to come to see him? They were calling it an excursion. Well, let them bring on their excursion, he didn't care. He was to have a name given him? Well, he hoped it would be a nice one.

Every one would want to ride behind him —this, too, he overheard.

"I DON'T CARE," Blacknose thought. "Let every one in the world come. It will be the treat of their lives to see me. I shall never be afraid of a single thing again. I'm a wonder! I just hope all those silly old red horses will come too."

CHAPTER IV: EXCURSION

"EXCURSION! EXCURSHSHION! EXCURSHSHSHION! EXCURSHSHSHION!"

Little Blacknose stood puffing and gasping and coughing and blowing off steam at the Albany end of his track. It was a hot day in August. It was August 9, 1831. The sun

was pouring down, and, besides that, his steam had been up for hours. He was terribly, desperately hot. Great crowds of people were rushing and pushing and laughing and shrieking and milling around him; they were all looking at him; they were all talking about him; they all wanted to ride on him. It was terrible!

"What am I to do?" thought Blacknose. "Where will they go? Will they ride me like a horse?" Great drops of heat and horror stood out all over his poor little black boiler!

"Excursion! Excurshshion! Excurshshshshion!"

"Way for the Ex-Governor! Way for the Ex-Governor! Way for Ex-Governor Yates! Way for the High Constable! Way for High Constable Hayes!"

The crowd moved back to make way for

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two men who came toward Blacknose. They were a tall, fat man and a short, fat man, he noticed, with nicely rounded fronts very like his own boiler. One man held a bottle, and the other man carried a very large wreath of flowers. The wreath he handed to David Mathew, who fastened it on the front of little Blacknose. And then the other man climbed up and broke the bottle over his back.

"I name you for the best Governor New York State ever had! I name you DeWitt Clinton!" the big man roared.

The crowd roared back. It roared and shrieked harder than ever, but this time little Blacknose didn't mind them. He was greatly pleased. The cool liquid rolled down his hot sides. He liked it.

"They-have-given-me-something-to-make-

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me-handsome. They-have-given-me-a-name, my-own-name! Now-I-am-not-just-an-iron-horse. Now-I-am-not-just-a-locomotive. I-am-DeWitt-Clinton. I-am-myself. I-shall-show-them, I-shall-show-them! Excursion! Excurshshion! EXCURSHSHSHSHSHION!"

A tall black man strode through the crowd, holding what looked like long strips of newspaper.

"This man is the right color," thought Blacknose. "I wonder if he was born in a foundry. I wonder why all men can't be that nicer shade, like mine."

Crowds of people were rushing after the black man, but he waved them back proudly.

"Dese tickets am done contracted foh!" he announced grandly.

Then Blacknose noticed a little boy holding the hand of a nice-looking man with the

usual tall beaver hat on his head and a big brown cigar in his mouth. Blacknose looked at the hat; Blacknose looked at the cigar.

"Why doesn't the man's smoke come out of his smoke-stack?" he wondered.

The little boy and his father rushed right up to the colored man.

"Are you Marquis De Lafayette Williams? You have our tickets there, I believe? We ordered them at the hotel in Albany."

"Is you-all Mr. Beers, and is dis chile Thomas Beers? Yas, sah? Den dese is yo tickets foh shure, sah! Tickets! Tickets!" He strode on.

"Tickets! Tickets!" puffed little DeWitt. "Whatever-in-the-world-are-tickets-for? And-where-can-these-people-ride? Choo! Choo! Choo! Not-on-my-boiler! I-do-

not-choose-to-take-them! Choo! Choo! Choo! I-do-not-choo-choo-choose!"

Then, as if in answer, there came a frightful bang and something ran into the poor little engine from behind so hard that he jumped at least five yards along the track. He squinted back along his boiler and found that his wooden platform was being fastened on to him. It had four wheels, and two big barrels filled with wood stood on the platform. It was really the first coal-car, or tender, only it was a wood-car then!

"Well, at least I shall have plenty to eat on this excursion," thought Blacknose.

Then came another bang, and this time something very big and bright and gay was being fastened by a loose chain to the first platform-car. This new thing that was being fastened on was really the first passenger

car. Only it wasn't in the least like a car. It was merely a big wooden stage-coach on four wheels, with a rounding body, just such as the horses had been drawing before. A little flight of steps led up into it. There were two long seats, where people could sit facing each other, with only a narrow bench between. The cushions were of leather. The outside of the coach was bright yellow, with an orange trim. Inside and outside there was room for just seventeen people. For there were two long bench-like seats on top too, and these were perhaps the nicest seats of all.

Little Tommy Beers thought so! He stood clutching his ticket and shrieking at his father:

"Oh, Father, please let's sit on top, LET'S SIT ON TOP! OH, FATHER, WE MUST SIT ON

TOP!" until his father said "yes," and then there he was, up over the wheel and on top, the very first passenger to climb aboard the DeWitt Clinton train.

Pretty soon another Cinderella-like coach was fastened to the first one and then another and another and another, till little Blacknose stood at the end of a long line of one tender and five coaches, puffing and coughing, wondering how under the shining sun he could ever pull them all!

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he coughed. "I'm afraid I can't do this. I really am afraid I can't do this. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

You see, in all his trial trips before, Blacknose had never had to pull or carry anything or any one but David Mathew and himself. He was terribly worried, when suddenly he caught sight of his old enemy, the rude roan

horse, standing right in front of the crowd, laughing at him. There were lots of other horses near by, too—some fastened to carts filled with vegetables, some fastened to stylish carriages. They all seemed to turn to listen when the old roan horse began to laugh.

"Oho, ho, ho!" cried the ugly horse. "You'll never pull that load—no, not you! It takes five horses to pull five coaches. Can one stupid, ugly iron beast do the work of five? No, not you!"

"All aboard!" cried John T. Clarke, the conductor. He climbed up on a little seat at the back of the tender and blew a mighty blast on a tin horn. The coaches were crowded with people, laughing and cheering.

"All aboard! All aboard! All aboard! Tooot! Toot! TOOOT!"

David Mathew fed a fresh lot of wood into DeWitt Clinton's hungry fire-box. He pulled a lever. Little DeWitt shivered and strained. He pulled and struggled.

"Choo! Choo! Choo!" he coughed. "I'll go if I choose, choose, choose! Choo! Choo!"

Now he was right opposite the rude old horse.

"CHOO!" he coughed, louder than ever, right under his ugly old nose.

Now whether it was the sudden very loud noise or the strange sight of the train moving along the rails or his own rage at little DeWitt's success it is hard to say, but, at any rate, the haughty horse turned on his heels and ran, and ran, and ran—and all the other horses, when they saw him go, turned on their heels and ran away, too. Carts were overturned, vegetables scattered helter-

skelter, and ladies with stylish dresses were thrown out on their heads in the dirt.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Go to grass, you silly old horses!" laughed little Blacknose. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And he laughed and laughed and laughed and pulled his heavy burden faster and faster and faster along the shining rails.

Now he had gone so fast and so far that he was getting terribly thirsty and the water was almost gone. But David Mathew knew that his engine needed water. He put on the brake and slowed down little DeWitt, so that he could stop for a long drink at a watering station beside the track. They had often stopped here before and there had never been any trouble about it then, but today when Blacknose tried to stop, something hit him terribly hard from behind.

There was a terrific bang—crash—CRASH! He heard the sound of splintering wood. He heard a man scream, "Tommy!" So strange to hear a man scream! He felt David Mathew jump down from behind him. He knew that something dreadful had happened.

What had he done? Was the little boy hurt—the nice little boy that wanted to sit on top? Oh, had he hurt the little boy? No one would ever trust him again. No one would ever ride behind him again! He tried to look back along his boiler, but he couldn't see. Great hot tears of steam filled his eyes. Oh, what should he do, what should he do?

And then David Mathew and John T. Clarke jumped back on him once more. David gave him a nice long drink of cool, refreshing water. He heard David laughing.

"Just like a child, not to hang on tight. Seems to have done him good, though—falling on his head—never turned a hair!"

And Conductor Clarke laughed and answered, "Those poor ladies—they *were* bounced around! Funny we never thought that when we stopped those loose chains would let the coaches smash. Now we've put the solid bits of wood between, 'twill all be well."

Yes, all was well. So little Blacknose started on again.

"On again, on again, on again! Schenectady, Schenectady, Schenectady!" he sang happily to himself. And then he tried, "I like Excursions, I like Excursions, I like Excursions!" and found it a splendid running-song.

The head of the inclined plane at Schenec-

tady was almost in sight when another terrible shriek went up from the coaches behind DeWitt.

"Fire! Fire! Help! Fire!" a dozen voices called.

Again Blacknose was quickly stopped, but this time there was no "bang" behind him, for the straight pieces of wood lashed to the chains held the coaches apart. Looking back along his boiler, he saw a lady on the top of the first coach jumping up and down in great excitement, while a gentleman in shirt-sleeves seemed to be trying to wrap her head in a coat! It seemed very queer. Pretty soon they held up a round, red thing, and then he couldn't see any more. But David Mathew was laughing again when he came back to start him off once more.

"We must find a way to make you eat

your sparks, old iron horse," he chortled. "You can't go setting fires in ladies' bonnets any more! That parasol will protect her for a while, I hope."

"Schenectady, Schenectady, Schenectady!" At last little DeWitt drew his long train of golden coaches up beside the Schenectady station and stood puffing and gasping in the middle of a great throng of welcoming people.

"Isn't he a hummer!" they cried.

"Isn't he a hummer!" shrieked Tommy Beers.

"Isn't he a hummer!" cried the lady whose bonnet he had burned. They all cheered him. They all cried, "Hurrah for the DeWitt Clinton! Hurrah for the first Excursion! Hurrah for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad!"

And then all the people he had carried went on by horse-car a mile and a quarter farther into Schenectady to eat a big dinner in his honor, and little DeWitt Clinton, newly baptized King of the Rails, settled down to enjoy a well-earned rest. He had shown them, he had shown them this time, what a wonder he really was!

CHAPTER V: ENTER JOHN BULL

"Oh, my reins and traces, how wet I'm getting!" scolded the old red horse as he stood in a pool of water.

Drip! Drip! Drip! The rain was pouring down. It made a patter-rat-tat-patter on the

roof of the shed beneath which Blacknose stood. It dripped from the eaves in front of him. It splashed through the trees, it oozed into the spongy ground. It turned the shining rails into glistening ribbons of silver running away and away, binding the wet earth until, growing thinner and thinner, they vanished into the gray fog beyond.

Even the back of the poor old red horse glistened and gleamed and smoked in the wet as the workmen fastened him to the first of the coaches which Blacknose should have drawn. There Blacknose lay, serene and dry in his little shed (it was a long-house, then, and not a round-house), while the red horse was pulled and buckled into the traces, splashing his poor old feet in puddles of water and trying to swallow the great drops

of wetness that ran down his lean roan cheeks.

"BRRRR! GLUGGGGG. OOOOFF! I, with my sensitive skin, must soak in this miserable rain, while the iron beast stays dry—selfish, horrid long-nosed loafer!" the old horse grumbled under his breath.

"LOAFING, SELFISH, HORRID!"

But all this he only grumbled to himself, for, ever since the day of the Excursion, all the horses had been afraid of Blacknose.

"My, what a nasty temper the old red horse is in today," thought Blacknose. "But I don't blame him much. Here am I—warm and dry and comfortable, and there he is—soaked to the last hair of his tail. But then, he's only a horse, and I'm a 'new invention,' 'a hummer,' 'the pride of the country'! They take good care of me!"

They certainly did. Blacknose was right. If he had been made of gold and diamonds they couldn't have taken better care of him. In every hotel in Albany and Schenectady this notice about him was posted:

"The engine, with a train of cars, will be run daily, when the weather is *fair*. When the weather is not fair, the horses will draw the cars. Passengers are requested to be punctual at the hour of starting."

"When the weather is not fair, the horses will draw the cars!" "THE HORSES WILL DRAW THE CARS"—that was what they were doing today. Oh, how it rained! And now, with whickers and whinnies and waving of tails, the horses were off—with splashings and stampings and loud horse-snortings they began to draw the yellow coaches along the track. The old roan horse looked over his

shoulder and rolled his evil yellow eyes at Blacknose as he ambled away. As the space between them grew wider, he grew bolder, until finally he called out loudly, showing his ugly yellow teeth:

"Some day you'll know how it feels to work like a horse. There's another creature coming to take your place. I heard them say so. Then you'll do the rainy work. Great, puffed-up iron horror, some day you'll see, you'll see—we'll get even with you yet!"

Whatever did the roan horse mean?

For a moment the comfortable shed didn't seem quite so warm and dry to little Blacknose. For a moment a strange new feeling prickled through his boiler.

"Another creature coming to take my place?"

But no, surely that could not be. There

was no one like him, there could be no one like him! Everybody said so! Just the other day, on the Excursion, he had won such glory, and every pleasant day since then his coaches had been filled with cheering people. Surely he would run forever happy and free, king of the shining rails!

The day after the rain dawned crisp and clear. Little Blacknose was very happy. He was on his track, five yellow coaches fastened behind him. More people than ever seemed to wish to ride on him today. All his top seats were taken, and more and more people kept trying to get on. His steam was up, but still he was hungry.

"FFFFFFFF! FFFFFFFEED my FFFFFIRE-box! FFFFFFFFF! FFFFEED my fire-box!" he spluttered.

Adam Robinson, the fireman, opened the

fire-box door and fed a shovelful of coal into the hungry mouth.

"DELISHSHSH-SHIOUS! DELISHSHSHSH-SHIOUS!" he murmured.

Little Blacknose really loved wood best, good pitch pine, for coal was hard to chew. But when they fed him coal he didn't get hungry quite so soon. David Mathew pulled the lever.

"TE—dick—te—dack, get—off—the—track," he was beginning to sing, very slowly, just pulling away—when suddenly a man he had never seen before, hatless, waving his arms, out of breath from shouting, came sprinting along the track beside him.

"David Mathew, David Mathew!" the newcomer shouted. "Stop the engine! I must speak to you. Stop the engine!"

David Mathew reversed the lever. For a moment the little engine shivered and strained to go, and then he stopped dead upon the track. It was hard, but he had to obey. He didn't like it, and he hated the new man at sight. What right had a stranger to stop DeWitt Clinton, the King of the Road? There were hundreds waiting for him at Schenectady. He was a little off-schedule now. It was an outrage.

"sssssssssssHame! sssssssssssHame!" he spluttered, but no one paid any attention to him.

David Mathew greeted the newcomer with great excitement.

"John Hampton, how are you?"

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Mathew! Are you ready for the new one, sir?"

"What, has it come already?"

"The Mary Howland came from Liverpool and docked last week, sir. The Robert Fulton was on board her. It's a great monster, twice the size of this one! We'll bring it up this afternoon if you are ready, sir. It's in Albany already!"

The rest of the conversation little Blacknose didn't hear, but he caught the words "a big monster, twice the size of this one." Whatever did the men mean? He didn't know, but he felt a queer pressure in his pipes and boiler. They had always said he might burst some day. Perhaps he was going to do it now! Had the time come? Why should he feel so queer? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! *Was* something else coming to take his place? Was that what the old roan horse had meant?

When they started him off again, he

groaned aloud:

"Te-dick, te-dack, alas, alack!"

Over and over again, all the way to Schenectady he groaned it, and he went so slowly that he fairly seemed to crawl along. David Mathew grew angry, and Adam, the fireman, fed him chunks of coal till he almost choked to death. But still he wouldn't, he shouldn't, HE COULDN'T, go any faster.

"Te-dick, te-dack, alas, alack!"

All the way back from Schenectady he sang his mournful little song, feeling more and more miserable with every turn of his wrought-iron wheels.

When at last he reached the head of the plane at Lydius Street, the Albany end of the track, he saw that the stationary engine which had pulled him up the hill not many weeks ago was hard at work again. Round

and round its spool it was winding its great chain, creaking and groaning and winding, while slowly, slowly, slowly, it pulled something very heavy up the hill.

All the people dashed from his coaches and ran to watch. David Mathew ran off and left him. Adam Robinson jumped down and left him. A crowd of people stood by the stationary engine, watching and cheering. For the first time in his whole life, little Blacknose was left unnoticed and alone.

At first he couldn't see what was coming, and then, high against the sky-line, slowly, slowly, up over the crest of the hill came a monster engine.

It was so big, so black, so terrible, that poor little Blacknose was horribly frightened. His smoke stuck in his smoke-stack, and he choked in misery and fear.

Just then he noticed that the old roan horse was standing beside the crowd of people. The people had eyes only for the new engine, but the old red horse was watching him—watching him—and laughing!

CHAPTER VI: SSSSSSSSSORRY!

THE first night after the new English engine arrived, little Blacknose tried to say something pleasant to him as he stood beside him in the long shed. He didn't like him and he was still afraid of him—"but then," he

thought, "he's a stranger, a long way from home! He may be lonely, and I ought to be nice to him." So he plucked up his steam (there was a little left) and said in a smoky little voice, "Did you have a pleasant trip?"

But the English engine only looked along his boiler at him, very coldly, and answered never a word. The next day Blacknose overheard the newcomer having a very chatty conversation with the stationary engine, who was, of course, English too. Just at the end of their chat he heard the new engine say:

"These Americans are really vulgah! Just fawncy, I was—er—attempting to sleep last night, when that long-nosed baby, who's been working heah, preparing the track for me, tried to speak to me—to me, the champion of the Empire, a great man from England, designed by Stephenson himself! Com-

mon little American road-engine! Who knows where *he* was born! Never even introduced! Just fawncy!"

Blacknose was so angry he almost twisted his rivets in two as he listened.

"That's the last time I'll ever notice him," he screamed. "Old John Bull! Old puffed-up thing! Great big puff, puff, puff—that's all he is! Old puff!"

Blacknose was puffing himself, now, as he stood on the track waiting for his passengers—for he was to pull the coaches as usual today. He had always liked to watch the people who came to ride on him. Now such a pretty lady was coming along, holding a little girl by the hand. She had wide skirts that rustled, and big eyes, as shining and black as his own black boiler.

"I like her, and she'll like me," he thought

gladly, for a moment forgetting his hurt pride, but to his dismay he heard her say:

"Isn't the English engine to pull the coaches today? Oh, I'm so disappointed! I bought tickets when I heard that it had come. I've always been afraid to ride behind DeWitt Clinton. It looks so small and flimsy, as if it might fall to pieces or burst its boiler!"

"The DeWitt Clinton is perfectly safe, ma'am," David Mathew answered politely.

"You're sure it's safe?" said the lady, with a question in her voice. "We must get to Schenectady, and I hate to waste our tickets!"

David Mathew was wrong. Just at that moment little Blacknose was anything but safe. He was in such a rage he would have burst with pleasure. All the way to Schenec-

tady that morning he jumped and jerked and hopped along the track—and didn't run at all as an engine should.

"ssssssshshshshake her up!

"Shshshshshshshshshshake her up!"

he screamed! He wanted to give the unkind lady the roughest ride he could.

"Shshshshshshshshake her up!

"Shshshshshshshshake her up!"

He longed to jump his track, and run away and away, and never come back to work any more. But he knew quite well, if he tried it, he would only stick in a field for the horses to laugh at. So he ran on and on, more and more angry with every turn of his wheels.

When Schenectady was finally reached, and there he stood, panting and gasping and trying to cool off again, he really began to

feel a little sorry for his anger—sorry that he had jumped and jerked so often and run so roughly over the track. For he saw the little girl and the poor pretty lady climb slowly out of their yellow coach. The little girl was crying, and the lady seemed far from well. Her black eyes, which had looked like two nice, delicious, gleaming pieces of coal, were blacker than ever now, her face was so white; but the gleam had left them. She swayed a little—very queerly—as she walked, holding her hand tight against the front of her.

"Why does she hold her boiler?" Blacknose wondered. "She looks as if she felt as I do when I swallow too many chunks of coal at once! Why is the little girl crying? Oh, dear, I must have shaken them up too hard!"

David Mathew stood beside his engine. The lady swayed slowly up to him. For a

moment her eyes gleamed more brightly than a piece of coal had ever done.

"Good day, sir, you, and your terrible engine! You have frightened my child to death! You have made me ill. Never again shall I venture behind a locomotive! It was a—it was a *horrible* experience. It will take me weeks to recover. Come, Mehitabel!"

David Mathew bowed, and politely tried to swallow a smile.

"Madam, I regret any inconvenience you may have suffered. The trip was a little rough today, but the new engine will run more smoothly. It is far heavier than this engine. An excursion will be held with it on the twenty-sixth of this September. Perhaps at that time you may ride behind John Bull?"

The lady's eyes only snapped and sparkled more brightly than ever.

"John Bull or Brother Jonathan—it's all the same to me! I shall never trust my life behind a locomotive again. Never! I'd like to have them stopped by law—these locomotives. Come, Mehitabel!"

Poor Blacknose! His anger had all run away by now. He felt very little—very little and sad.

"*SSSSSSSorry*, sssssssorry, sssssso sssssorry," he said, letting off his steam very mournfully, but no one paid the least attention to him.

"Sssssssssorry, sssssssssssorry, *sssssssss*orry!"

But what he was really sorry for was himself.

Only a month before he had been so glorious and grand. Only a month before he had been a hummer and a wonder and the King of the Road. Only a month before he had had

his beautiful Excursion, wreathed with flowers, pulling an Ex-Governor and a thief-catcher and many pretty ladies in the gay coaches behind him. Now was there to be ANOTHER EXCURSION so soon—an excursion for his hated rival—an excursion for a puffed-up foreigner who wouldn't even speak to him?

All the way back to Albany little Blacknose rolled sadly along. It was downhill, but it seemed to the poor, jealous, disheartened little engine that the hills had turned upside-down-side, and that he was climbing them all over again.

"Hill-on-hill, hill-on-hill, hill-on-hill!

"Ssorry, so ssorry, sssorry," he breathed.

No one noticed, no one paid the least attention!

"*SSSSSSS*orry, *sssssssss*orry, *sssssss*orry!"

CHAPTER VII: SUCCESSSSSSSSS!

It was the twenty-sixth of September, 1831. Little Blacknose didn't know that, nor would he have cared if he had, but he did know that something had waked him up very early indeed. Then he noticed with a queer

feeling of fear and wonder that there was a great roaring and hubbub outside his shed.

At first he couldn't make out at all the source of the racket—what caused it, where it came from, or what it meant. But pretty soon, as he listened and wondered, he knew it came from hundreds and hundreds of people all shouting and roaring together. He had never heard so many before, never in his whole engine-life! Then he noticed that John Bull was gone.

"They have taken him out and left me."

Then he knew.

"It's *his* Excursion, and I'm out of it!"

Poor little Blacknose! He felt as if he never could get his steam up again.

"Taken, and I'm left," he mourned.

"Here comes the Governor!" he heard people shouting.

"Taken, and I'm left—"

"Way for the Judges of the Supreme Court!"

"It's a much bigger Excursion than mine!"

"Way for the Lieutenant-Governor!"

"I only had the Ex-Governor come to see me."

"I herewith name you Robert Fulton."

"It's the wrong name. He should be called John Bull or Old Puffy!"

Little Blacknose could only hear—he couldn't see what was going on. He had stayed in his dark shed for hours and hours, or so he thought. He was getting horribly hungry.

"No chunks of wood! Not even a nibble of coal! No water! No breakfast, no breakfast, no breakfast!"

It was the first time he had not been fed

and cared for. It was the first time he had not been needed and used.

"Uh-huh, I guess your smoke-stack's out of joint now!"

It was the old roan horse sticking his ugly reddish-yellow nose through the window of the shed, leering and jeering at the poor little engine. For a long moment Rednose gazed at Blacknose, and Blacknose gazed bravely at Rednose. Then the horrid old roan horse gave one last sniggering whinny of contempt.

"I expect they'll take you out still—sometimes—on *rainy days*," he said. A moment later the window was empty.

But then a gang of men came rushing into the shed. They began to push and pull at little Blacknose.

"What can they want with me?" he sadly

wondered. And then a terrible thought shot through his pipes and boiler. He guessed—he KNEW—*they were taking him out for the crowd to laugh at!* They would stand him up beside the great new engine, and every one would laugh and point and say how small and queer he was! He wouldn't go, he couldn't go! If only he could stay unnoticed in his small, dark shed! He tried to brace his spokes, to keep his wheels from turning! It was all in vain. They were running him out now into the midst of the shouting, cheering crowd. He wouldn't look, he couldn't look— And then he noticed the English engine.

A little distance down the track stood John Bull, his steam all up, a wreath of flowers hanging round his monster neck, looking very great and grand and glorious.

He had ten bright coaches fastened on behind him, but—and this was queer—the coaches were all empty.

"Why doesn't he go? Why are all the people outside the coaches? What is the matter with him?" Blacknose wondered.

Why was the sun so high in the sky? It must be dreadfully late! *He* could have got to Schenectady and back a dozen times by now.

David Mathew came pushing his way through the crowd.

"Will even David laugh at me?" he thought in misery.

But, no, David laid a loving hand on the cold boiler of the little engine.

"Stoke her up, men," he said to the gang of workmen beside him. "We'll have to use DeWitt Clinton, after all."

Such a deafening roar went up from the huge crowd.

"Hurrah for DeWitt Clinton!"

"Hurrah for the little American engine!"

"Hurrah for our own Brother Jonathan!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

At last little Blacknose dared to look at the crowd. Why, they weren't laughing at him at all! They were cheering and waving at him, they were shouting for and praising him, just as they always used to do.

For a moment he felt as if a large, fat chunk of coal had got stuck in his supply-pipe. He felt so very, very queer! He felt shaky, shaky and strange—as he had never done before. A moment later, real chunks of coal were falling fast into his poor, starving little fire-box. Real shining chunks of coal!

"Breakfast, breakfasssssssst, breakfassss-

sssssssssssst!" he murmured happily. His steam was coming.

It was the English engine's excursion, but they had had to send for him.

"Breakfast, breakfasssssst, breakfasssssssst!"

What was the matter with the English engine? Couldn't it go? He knew it had run before, on its trial trip. He had seen it himself—big and proud and conceited, creaking along with a horrible noise. It had wooden spokes in its iron wheel-rims, and the racket they made was hideous to hear! Well, anyway, it isn't going now, he thought!

"*Sssssssssi*lly old Englishshshshshshshsh!"

What was this? They were taking the coaches from John Bull, all ten of them. Three of them were fastened on to him. Now they were leading up seven horses. Each

horse was harnessed to one of the seven left-over coaches. The great Excursion train was ready, and he was at its head!

How the people rushed to squeeze into the three coaches behind little Blacknose! What a shouting and yelling and pushing and waving of tickets there was! The little engine looked back proudly along his train of three.

"All the great people of the land are riding behind me," he noticed; "the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Senators, the Judges of the Supreme Court—all, all behind *me*. Only the near-great ride behind the horses."

Toot, toot, toot! Such a blowing of the tin whistle!

"Hooray, hooray, hurrah!" Such a shouting from the passengers!

Ah, they were off at last! Just as his wheels began to turn, he heard a frenzied neigh from the old roan horse, who was fastened to the first coach behind him.

"Baby iron beast, if it weren't for you, *I'd* get to Schenectady first. GET OUT OF MY WAY!" the old roan horse whinnied.

But little Blacknose only laughed.

"Choo, choo, choo! Chew your own smoke!" he cried. "Pretty soon you won't be able even to smell mine! Choo! Choo! Choo!"

And then he noticed the proud English engine looking very dismal indeed, and he saw that the flowers in the wreath around his smoke-stack had begun to wither already.

"T-double Yditty,
Off for Schenectady!" sang little Blacknose.

The wind whistled over his smoke-stack. The trees flew by in gray streaks. The rails glistened and gleamed beneath him. He had never gone so fast before.

In just forty-six minutes he stood puffing and blowing at the Schenectady end of his track. Now everybody cheered him as they climbed out of his yellow coaches.

"It's the greatest moment of my life!" cried the Governor, limbering up his legs.

"Remarkable experience!" said the Lieutenant-Governor, as he uncurled his!

"Such speed!" said the Judges, straightening their hats!

"But where are the horses?" asked one of the Senators of David Mathew.

"I don't see them, sir," answered David, gazing into the distance with his hand over his eyes.

Where were the horses? Twenty-nine minutes' weary wait, and then the first of the horses climbed slowly and painfully up the last hill and drew up his coach in back of little Blacknose' train of three. It was the old roan horse—staggering, broken-winded, utterly weary!

"So you wanted to get ahead of me! What do you think of engines *now*, Roany?" puffed little Blacknose.

But this time, poor old roan-sides never even glanced at little ironsides. He shut his eyes and drooped his ugly nose and leaned against his shafts with tired, wobbly legs.

When the passengers had all arrived, Blacknose saw them climb into carriages which had come from Schenectady to meet them.

"They're off to get their coal and water, I suppose," the little engine thought.

In two hours he saw them all come back again. The excursion-train was ready for the return-trip.

"Te-dick, te-dack,
Let's hurry back!" sang the DeWitt Clinton.

Never had he run so well. In just thirty-eight minutes—only a little over half an hour—there he was, back at the Albany end of his track, breathing hard, but puffing pride with every breath.

"Gee-Samuel-Whittikers!" cried David Mathew, as he clambered down from the tender-platform. "We've been nineteen miles an hour. The last six miles we made in fourteen minutes—"

"Tremendous!" said the Governor. "I have never known such speed!"

"Hurrah for DeWitt Clinton!" cried all the passengers.

"Hurrah for Brother Jonathan, our own American engine!" cried the Senators.

"Hurrah for the West Point Foundry!" cried David Mathew.

All this time the English engine stood quiet and unnoticed near by. He looked very dismal, Black-nose thought. In his hour of triumph, he almost felt sorry for him. Then, suddenly, he found that the English engine was trying to talk to him. He had only a little steam left, so his voice was very throaty and indistinct.

"Mah-deah-chap-very-grateful-to-you," John Bull was saying. Little Blacknose could just make it out.

"I thought we hadn't been introduced," puffed back Blacknose; but the minute he said it he wished that he hadn't—the poor English engine looked so sad!

"Sorry-I-was-rude. Very-grateful-now.—Saved-my-excursion."

"Oh, don't thank me," Blacknose coughed. "I've had the run of my life! By the way, what was the matter with you, anyway?"

"Defect-in-mah-supply-pipe," almost whispered John Bull. "Couldn't-repaih-me—don't-understand-strangers-over-heah—I'm-English—you-know!"

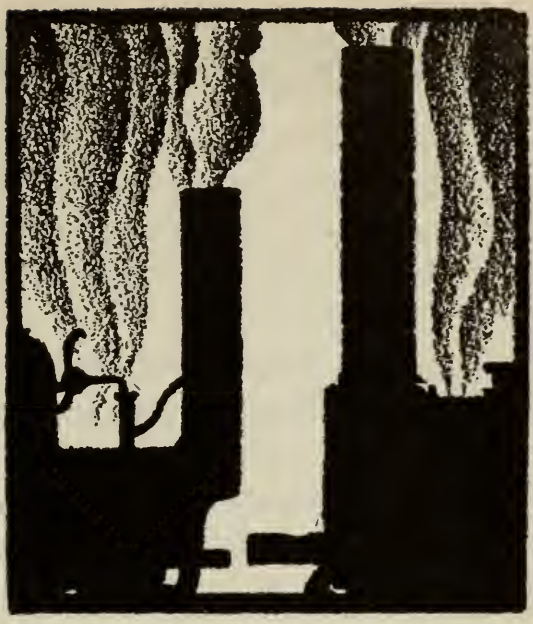
"Oh, are you?" said Blacknose. Why, the Englishman was a nice chap, after all! "Well, I'll be glad to help you any time you need me. I hope your supply-pipe will be better soon."

Little Blacknose was very happy as they ran him away to rest.

"Success, successsssssss, SUCCESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" he breathed gently, letting off his steam.

"Successss, Successsssss, SUCCESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

As for the old roan horse, he hadn't even come in sight!



CHAPTER VIII: HIBERNATING

After John Bull's strange excursion which little Blacknose saved from failure, the two engines became firm friends. Turn and turn about they ran over the same route. They drank their water from the same watering-

station. They stood side by side in the long shed. At night they almost dreamed each other's dreams. They had long and earnest arguments about the best kind of fuel-food.

"Pitchchchchch-pine issss bessssssst," hissed little Blacknose, for he still had a great fondness for wood.

"Anthracccccccccite isss bessssst, I insisssssst," answered the English engine, but he couldn't prove it, so the argument began all over again.

They had long arguments, too, about the number of passengers they carried, about the speed they made, about the number of cows they scared and the number of horses that ran away. But the more they hissed and tooted and sputtered, the happier they were, and the better friends they grew to be.

When John Bull went creaking away to Schenectady, little Blacknose gazed wistfully down the track till he came back.

"Ankshshshush, ankshshshshush, ankshshshshshush," he would murmur to himself in a lonely mood.

When it was little Blacknose's turn to pull the yellow coaches, the restlessness of John Bull knew no bounds.

"I misssss you, I missssss you, I missssssssss you," he would sputter, peering watchfully into the distance.

What tales they told each other when they stood together in the long shed!

"I had a snake's-head in my first coach today," little Blacknose would begin.

"Tell us about it, old chappie!"

"A bit of the iron stripping that runs on top of the wooden track must have got loose.

The front wheel of my first coach ran under it and sent it twisting right up through the coach-floor. You ought to have heard the ladies scream! Scared me to death! And how they stopped me! No concern for *me* at all. It wrenched, it wracked, it almost ruined me! Mind *you* watch out for it—it might come loose again—just past the crossroads, by the watering-trough—at Davies' farm—"

"I'm not afraid of snake's heads, my wheels are so heavy!"

"Don't be sssssssssuperior!"—this from Blacknose.

"Hushshshshsh, you sssssssssaucy!"—this from John Bull.

"Sssssssssillly, I'm not ssssssaucy"—this from Blacknose.

So it went! The argument was on again, but the longer the argument, the firmer grew

the friendship between the two locomotives.

All through September, October, November, December, they worked and played together, till the snow grew so heavy on the track their wheels could hardly plow a way, and the road to Schenectady seemed very long indeed. The days were so cold now that hardly any one came to ride in the yellow coaches. Little Blacknose's breath almost froze as he puffed. Sometimes, when he was just standing, with his steam out, he wore a little mustache of icicles under his black nose.

One morning—it was the end of December—no gang of men came to run Blacknose out of the long shed. Beside him the English engine was still fast asleep. Down across the shed-window, over, down, across, drifted steadily, sleepily, hundreds of white snow-

flakes. For a long moment Blacknose watched them.

"S*ssssso* sssssleepy," he whispered gently to himself.

"S*sssssso* sssssssleepy! Englishshshsh is sssssssssleepy too—mussssst sssssssleep—" His steam was out, of course. It was only the echo of steam in his little engine-mind, but sleep he did—sleep peacefully, under the falling snow.

The nineteenth of April was a warm, glistening day. Back of the old railroad shed a row of daffodils were cheerfully nodding. Little Blacknose stirred in his sleep. Suddenly the shed-door was thrown violently open.

"Wake up, old black bear! Time to stop hibernating!"

David Mathew placed a vigorous slap on the boiler of his little engine. Ah, Blacknose was wide awake now! Where had he been all this time?

Water, coal, breakfast! Oh, how he wanted them! Water, coal, breakfast! Why, he had work to do! He must get to Schenectady. That was it—Schenectady! Yes, there was the English engine being not too gently waked up, too.

Soon they were both run out on the track —watered, fueled, oiled, and inspected— wide awake now, but blinking rather stupidly in the Spring sunshine.

"Hello, Englishshshsh!" called out DeWitt happily.

"Chchchchcheerio, old chchchchchappie!" answered John Bull with equal enthusiasm.

Little Blacknose felt strong and happy

after his long Winter sleep. Why, it was great fun to be an engine, with work to do, and coaches to draw, and the long track stretching ahead! How delightful the track was! How it shone in the Spring sunshine! That was it! It was Spring!

"Sssssssspring! Sssssssspring! Sssssssspring!" steamed little Blacknose.

CHAPTER IX: SCRAPPED?

It was April when little Blacknose had first waked up from his long Winter sleep. Now it was a hot day in August, just a year from the time when his first excursion had been run. How long ago that seemed! How many

trips he had taken, how many passengers he had carried, since that famous day!

Phew! How hot it was! He pulled wearily in and stopped in front of the Albany station. The sun beat down upon his poor little boiler. The fire in his fire-box seemed unbearable. He wished he could live on water these hot Summer days. Where was the breeze that usually blew up from the Hudson River Valley? Here, on this high plateau, it was rarely as hot as this.

"Phew, phphphphew, phphphphphphew!" he steamed, feeling hotter and hotter.

Beyond the station, at the very end of the track, stood John Bull. It was his turn for a trip now. He seemed to be greatly excited about something. When he saw little Blacknose, he called out:

"I sssssay, old chchchchap—"

"Yesssss—"

"The sssstationary engine is working today. He's pulling ssssomething up the hill!"

Sure enough, the queer old stationary engine was hard at work again. Round and round the great spool it was winding its heavy chain. The queer old stationary engine never moved an inch—only its spool went round and round—and the thing, whatever it was, that was fast at the end of the chain came up, up, up—UP the wooden plane.

Little Blacknose forgot the heat. He forgot how tired he was. The last time he had watched to see what the stationary engine was pulling up the wooden hill, it had turned out to be the new English engine, his friend—John Bull! How he had hated and feared him at first! How he loved him now!

"Englishshsh, what do you supposssssse—" But the sentence was never finished, for there, up over the crest of the hill, came another engine, big and shining and new. What an engine it was!

"My brakesssssss!" hissed John Bull. "Looks like a ccccccccentipede!"

It did look queer, for the new engine was long and low and it seemed to be all wheels. It had two pairs of driving-wheels, and under its boiler, fastened by a big pin, was a truck or little movable car which had four wheels, too. So the newcomer had twice as many wheels as little Blacknose or John Bull, and it looked very queer to them, very queer indeed. For a long moment the new truck-engine (that was what it was called) blinked at the two old engines in front of him, and they looked firmly back at him.

"He sssssseems shshshshshy!" whispered Blacknose.

"Sssssomewhat," John Bull murmured back.

Little Blacknose decided to be kind.

"How are you, sssssstranger?" he asked cordially. "Come fffrom ffar?"

"Jusssst up the Hudson," stammered the truck-engine. (His steam seemed to be up already.)

"I wasss born lassst week at the Wesssst Point Foundry."

"Why, so was I!" Blacknose cried, in surprise. "Not last week, though!" he added, somewhat proudly. From that moment he and the truck-engine were fast friends.

Neither he nor John Bull knew it then, nor did the newcomer know it himself, but this new truck-engine was the first American

engine in a new series of engines. "American Locomotive No. 1, 2nd Series," he was called. The four-wheeled truck under his boiler, which could twist and turn on the pivot which held it, made it possible for this new engine to go around curves in the track, and that was something which neither John Bull nor little Blacknose himself could do. For a long time, of course, there were no curves to go around, for the track had been laid straight; so even the truck-engine didn't know how wonderful he was!

Thirteen years went by and still little Blacknose was running over the old route. He was getting very tired. He could hardly make the long, slow grade to Schenectady nowadays. And things had changed. He rarely saw his old friend John Bull any

more. The new engine-house was very large. They were kept at separate ends. It was hard —hard—but he had to make the best of it!

Now he heard that the stationary engine was being taken away, and the track was to run all the way to the very city of Albany. The station was to be moved there, too. It worried him.

"Thesssse new-fffffangled waysssssss!" he mourned gently to himself.

How could he climb the steep hill from Albany up to where the old station had been, the steep, steep hill, up which the stationary engine had once pulled him? It was to be part of his regular route now.

"It'ssssss too fffar," he complained sadly to the newest engine. "It'sssss too sssssteep! I fffffear I shshshall be ssssscrapped ssss-soon."

He had heard that was what happened to worn-out engines. They were just broken up, thrown away, sold for old iron! Would it happen to him?

"Nonsensssssse!" cried the newest engine, as he scuttled gayly away, up the steep hill from Albany.

But little Blacknose knew it wasn't nonsense. He knew, as he watched the uphill speed of the newest engine, that his own days were almost over.

One morning there were tears in David Mathew's eyes when he came to run little Blacknose out of the big new engine-house where he rested now.

"Speed up, my hearty," he called. "It's your last trip today!"

And little Blacknose understood. But he only poked his black smoke-stack up higher

and more haughtily than ever before, and coughed proudly, as he used to do.

Down and out, was he? Well, they should see!

"Te-dick, te-dack,
Get off the track!"

he called bravely, chugging along. He had made the grade past the old shed—

"T-double Yditty,
T-double Yditty."

Now into the woods where the air was cool along his boiler. Now over the little bridge, and past the first crossroads!

"CHOO!"

Well, there was the old spotted cow, much too near the track, as always. These cows! Always stupid, always in the way— Why didn't she jump and run as she used to do?

"CHOO!" No, it took the wild young engines with these new-fangled whistles to scare the cows nowadays!

Another last drink at the old watering-station, and on up the long, slow grade to Schenectady!

"HHHHHard, HHHHHard, HHHHHHard," he puffed, but he was making it, making it—MAKING IT—just as he always had before. Here was the station, at last.

He watched his passengers carefully as they walked away, and he watched the new ones, too, who came to fill up his yellow coaches.

"I must remember how they look, when I have no more to carry," he thought to himself. And he never forgot a little girl, in a cornflower-blue bonnet, who waved and waved and waved to him, as he rolled out of

the Schenectady station, back down the grade to Albany again.

"It's her last look at DeWitt Clinton, but she'll remember me," he thought.

He ran his best, his very fastest and best, all the way back over the old route, until he stood again, tired and hot and worn, in front of the big new Albany station—the station that always seemed so strange to him.

"Well done, DeWitt! Well done, old Brother Jonathan!" cried David Mathew. Why did his voice sound hoarse and strange?

His last trip! Well, it was over. His last trip, but he had done his best! He had a fleeting memory of the old roan horse. Years ago they had taken the old horse away. Where was he now? In what distant pasture? Did he feel like this?

The next day they hoisted DeWitt Clin-

ton up by a huge crane and swung him away into storage in a room in the Albany station. It was a dim, quiet room. It looked a little like the old shed. He settled down contented and peaceful, not unhappy, in his far corner.

"Ressssst."

Well, after all, that was what an old engine needed that had run faithfully and well for fourteen years.

"Perhapssss I shan't be ssssscrapped," he thought happily. "They will just leave me by myself to rest. It is what I need."

"RESSSSSSST. The other engines must do my work. After all, I was the first of them, the very first of all of them. If I had failed, they never would have come. King of the Rails! That's what I was!

"RESSSSST!—Perhaps I shshshshan't be ssssscrapped."

CHAPTER X: FORGIVEN

For fifty long years little Blacknose dreamed and rested, dreamed and rested in his station-corner. A thick gray coat of dust settled on his proud black boiler, and tell-tale streaks of rust grew in his side. But it

was not unpleasant, dozing in that quiet place. Often he dreamed of the old days when he was young and new and "quite a wonder." Once more he saw himself, puffing proudly down the track, pulling the great excursion-train, his bright new coaches rattling behind him; once more he felt his wheels go faster, faster, felt the wind along his boiler, heard the cheers behind him, saw the frightened horses turn and run. Often he dreamed he heard a heavy creaking and old John Bull was pulling in beside him in the engine-house.

"How are you, old John Bull?"

"Cheerio, old ch-ch-chappie!"

It was hard to wake and find himself alone. One dream he liked best of all—that he was sliding down the rails while a little girl with blue eyes and a cornflower sunbonnet was waving at him!

Longer and longer grew the years. Now little Blacknose's dreams were not all pleasant. Sometimes he rushed headlong down a slippery track—faster and faster—toward a great stone mountain which he COULD not climb. Sometimes (this was the very worst of all) he dreamed that he was being slowly torn apart, thrown piece by piece into a seething furnace where he melted all away. As the years went on, this dream came oftenest, until he hardly knew whether it was a dream at all. It seemed to be always with him, always haunting, always frightening him!

"Some day they will come to get me!" he thought.

"Surely they will not leave me forever in this peaceful corner. Some day they will come to get me—and then I shall be scrapped at last!"

One day, when the great door at the end of the station-room slid slowly open and a gang of workmen rushed in with chains and tools, little Blacknose knew his time had come.

Yes, they had come for him! Poor old engine, was he taking up too much room in the big station? Scrapped, scrapped! Perhaps they would use part of him in some new locomotive—

They swung him out of his quiet room, fastened by chains to a great crane, and they lowered him—slowly—from a dizzying height—down, down, DOWN toward the station-yard below.

Scrapped!

Down

Down

DOWN.

Oh, how strange it seemed! Many tracks stretched away below him where once there had been only one. And great monsters were roaring up and down them, snorting and puffing and breathing out fire. Could these be engines? And what were those funny, long houses on wheels?

Clang, clang! Clang, clang! Clang, clang!

Here was the glowing furnace of his dream—not one, but many! They had brought him here to this huge foundry, where every day monster engines were being born. Were they really engines—these awful mountains made from molten iron?

Oh! Now they tore away the rusty plates from his sides!

Now his copper tubes were taken out.

Now his proud black nose was gone!

Scrapped! Every day he waited for the end!

Strange! Now they were putting back new copper tubing where the old had been. Now fresh plates were fastened to his sides, new and strong and free from rust. Now a new black nose rose proudly from his front, bigger, higher even than his old had been! And, best of all, a shining coat of paint made him so glorious he hardly knew himself.

Scrapped? Not he! What were they doing to him now? Was he to run again, free and happy—snort at the cows and feel the wind along his boiler?

"Te-dick, te-dack," he murmured to himself. Yes, he remembered the old song.

Oh, to sing the old running-song again!

"Perhaps-s-s-s-s-s I sh-sh-sh-shall s-s-s-s-soon," he whispered. His steam wasn't up,

of course, but engines always think steamishly too.

But when they took little Blacknose out of the Foundry where he had been re-built and re-shined and—yes—even had his nose lifted, when they took him out to the engine-yard where the engines were puffing, they never put him down upon a track at all. Instead, they hoisted him into one of the long, thin houses on wheels, such as he had noticed before, and they shut a big, sliding door and left him in the dark.

Poor little Blacknose! Hard it was, after he had stood so much, and hoped to run along the rails, to find himself alone in this dark, stuffy place, with no attention, and no delicious chunks of coal to munch!

"I s-s-s-s-say, it's-s-s-s-s-s disgus-s-s-s-sting," he thought to himself.

Pretty soon the long, thin house began to move and went "bumbledy-bum, bumbledy-bum, bumbledy-bum" for a long time. Little Blacknose guessed very wisely that he was being taken somewhere in a railroad train, and it made him very angry indeed.

"If they wanted me to go somewhere, why didn't they run me under my own steam? Why did they give me new pipes? Why did they give me a bigger and better nose just to rattle me round in an old dark house?" Yes, he was very angry.

But when he was taken out of his queer, long house (which was, of course, a freight-car), when he saw the place which he had reached through his days and nights of traveling, his anger vanished and a great wonder took its place. He was carried on a truck through the streets of a white, white city.

The buildings seemed to gleam like snow in the sunshine. He had seen New York, he had seen Albany, he had often seen the roofs of Schenectady, but he had never seen anything like this! How beautiful everything was! How glad and happy he felt!

Pretty soon he was taken inside an enormous house, which was bigger and far handsomer than any railroad station he had ever seen. Over the entrance "Transportation Building" was written, for this was the World's Fair at Chicago in the year 1893, but of course little Blacknose couldn't read that, so it didn't make much difference to him.

It did make a difference to him that he was placed on a sort of platform high up, where every one could see him!

It did make a difference to him that crowds

of people began to come to look at him and say he was "a wonder," quite in the manner to which he was accustomed. But how queer the people looked! Where were the pretty bonnets, the tall hats and striped trousers, that he used to see?

When he looked about him, he noticed all kinds of engines and models of engines—some funny early ones that had hardly been used at all. He felt superior to them, and he was glad of his new paint and of his bigger and better nose.

"If only I could run!" he murmured to himself.

"If only I didn't have to stand so still!"

"Mehitabel, I know it is!"

"Are you sure, Grandma? Oh, what a *funny* little engine! It doesn't seem as if it could have run!"

"Darling, I know it is! Look, here's a card that tells us all about it. Yes, it *is* the engine that scared my mother so, and made me sick when I was just your age— How we bumped and jumped and jerked and jiggled! Isn't he a wonder?"

A lady and a little girl were standing with the crowd that was gazing at Blacknose. The lady seemed rather elderly, but her eyes were still lovely, Blacknose noticed—large soft shining black eyes that sparkled as she looked at him. The little girl seemed very much excited.

As Blacknose watched them, he knew—or thought he knew. The little girl was called Mehitabel—black eyes—"sh-sh-shake 'em up!"—the clothes were different, but the face *was* similar. Yes, he *was* sure it was the child, grown old, that he had frightened so many years ago! And—could this be her

grandchild, the grandchild of that *little* girl! Oh, how old he'd grown!

"I'm sure, I'm sh-sh-sh-shure," he thought.

Had the old lady forgiven him? He had always been so sorry!

Had she told terrible stories about him to this little girl who was looking at him now with such wondering eyes?

"Isn't he a darling!" the grandmother was saying.

"Oh, Grandma, I wish that I could ride behind him. He isn't half as scary as the engines now—"

"Well, come along, my dear."

"Grandma, I haven't half begun to look at him—"

"We must go, dear—"

"Tell me the story over right away. Please do, Grandma!"

So he was forgiven, after all these years! The poor car-sick little girl with the black eyes, she had forgiven him and said he was "a darling" too! Little Blacknose felt very warm and happy.

He felt even happier when he happened to discover not very far away from him on another platform a familiar shape that he hadn't noticed before. Could it be! Oh, joy, it was! His old friend, John Bull! If only he had his steam up and could talk to him! But just to be in the same building with him again was almost enough happiness. Surely, John Bull saw him! He could just imagine that he heard him calling out to him this minute:

"Cheerio, old ch-ch-ch-chappie!"

CHAPTER XI: TE-DICK, TE-DACK!

BUMBLEDY-BUM, bumbledy-bum, BUMBLEDY-BUM!

Little Blacknose had a very good time while he was on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago. It was so nice being looked at and liked all the day long. If only they

had let him run around a little by himself, he would have been perfectly happy. As it was, he hoped it would go on forever, and that he would never be shut up and left alone by himself any more.

Bumbledy-bum, bumbledy-bum, BUMBLEDY-BUM!

But of course little Blacknose had learned by this time that things didn't always happen as he liked. Here he was, shut up again all by himself in the dark, in a stuffy freight-car, being taken in a most insulting manner to goodness knows where! The World's Fair was over. They didn't need him there any more. Everything was torn out of the big building where he had lived and been so popular for one delightful year.

Bumbledy-bum, bumbledy-bum, BUMBLEDY-BUM!

Perhaps, after this dark and lonely ride was over, they would take him out somewhere, and put him on a track, and let him try his wheels a little. Perhaps they would feed him a good square meal of delicious old pitch-pine again. Oh, how long his faint and aching fire-box had been empty!

"Delish-sh-sh-sh-ious pitch-ch-ch-ch-ch!" he thought steamishly.

But no! Little Blacknose could hardly bear his horror and disgust. When they took him out of the freight car, cramped and tired by his long ride from Chicago, it was only to haul him up and stuff him into storage again in his old dusty corner of the Albany station.

"Dus-s-s-s-s-st! It was horrible! Nothing but loneliness-s-s-s and dus-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!" After all the honor and glory of the World's Fair, after all his hopes of running free, to

come to this again! Dust! If only they could have taken him to the country and left him on a little, tiny, unimportant track. He knew he hadn't strength enough to pull the loads of the great, new city engines. But just a track in the country! Just one cow to frighten! Just to feel his wheels go round once more!

Dust, dust, dust! It drifted down his smoke-stack and made him choke. It covered his wheels and made them old and tired. It hid the glory of his new black paint. Dust!

For thirty-three more years little Blacknose stayed alone in the Albany station—unhappy, dismal, sunk in dreams—and then?

Oh, how warm the sunshine was! How good the air tasted! Why, his wheels were

on the track once more, and his old friend the wooden tender, with its barrels of good pitch-pine, was fastened on behind. Was he dreaming?

Delish-sh-sh-sh-ious pitch-ch-ch-ch, delish-sh-sh— Yes, his steam was coming—creeping through his pipes, warming up his old boiler.

Why, here were his gay and charming yellow coaches! Workmen were fastening them on behind—delightful yellow coaches, perky and debonair!

Clang, clang, clang! Toot, toot, toot!

"Where in the world did you come from, and what are you doing on one of our tracks, you funny little cockroach!"

A great engine drew up beside Blacknose with a roar and a painful shriek of its powerful whistle. It towered so high above him

that it shut away all the sky. It was so long that, while the front of it was opposite Blacknose's smoke-stack, the end of it was behind the last of his yellow coaches. The grandfather-giant of all the engines, that was what he was! What was little Blacknose doing here beside it? Surely he was dreaming!

And now—why—real people were coming to climb into his coaches. Well, if it was a dream, this was the nicest part of it, for these people looked as people should. The ladies wore delightful bonnets, lined with the brightest and prettiest of brilliant silks and tied with even brighter, prettier ribbons. The full-flounced skirts, the tall hats and long swallow-tailed coats of the men—ah, this was the way people should look, this was the way they had looked on the day

of his first big excursion so many years ago.

"Cockroach, your nose is much too big and of course you can't go."

Little Blacknose had just decided that he was asleep, but something about the rudeness of the big engine made him feel awake at once.

"I CAN GO," he steamed back bravely, "when and where I ch-ch-ch-choose! I can go thirty miles-s-s-s-s an hour. I don't s-s-s-suppose you go much fas-s-s-s-s-ster."

"Faster? I?" The big engine laughed back with a booming roar that made little Blacknose fairly quiver on the track.

"I can go over a hundred miles an hour any day, you stupid little crawling worm!"

"You call me names-s-s-s-s," little Blacknose hissed. His pride was hurt and he was

very angry. "I was the firs-s-s-s-t of all the New York Central engines."

"The first perhaps, but not the best," the giant engine answered roughly; "and why I have to run beside you now is more than I can see, but then, you'll never go, in spite of all that wooden stuff you're chanking. No bulk! No calories! No steam! Your nose is much too long. Your wheels are flimsy. Your sickly little coaches are a scream. My coaches each can carry eighty-four good passengers, and I can pull all twenty of them—just like feathers—never notice them at all. Good-by. I must be off. I don't suppose you'll ever move at all!"

And then an awful fear smote little Blacknose. Ever move? Perhaps he wouldn't. Now here he was upon a track at last! *Why* he was there, he didn't know at all. So dazed

had he been, he hardly knew how he had got there—but here he was—the shining rails before him, the little coaches on behind, all full of waiting, hopeful people. Go? Why, he must go! But could he, COULD HE—after all these years?

His throat was husky, but he started the old running-song:

"Te-dick, te-dack,
Get off the track."

How the people were cheering now behind him! Some one blew a shrill blast on a tin horn. It was the old signal he was used to.

"T-double Yditty,
Off for Schenectady!"

The song was coming a little clearer now. He felt his levers move. Slowly, slowly, his wheels began to turn. Yes, he could go!

"Choo, choo, choo!"

He was running just as he used to do, moving faster and faster along the shining rails.

"So you found you could go a little after all, old cockroach?"

"I s-s-s-s-s-seem to have c-c-c-c-c-caught up with you!" little Blacknose coughed.

This big engine, in spite of all his boasts, didn't seem to go so much faster after all, he thought. He didn't know, of course, that the Twentieth Century Limited (that was the big engine's name) had been *forced* to wait for him. For a while now they ran along together. Everywhere they went, throngs of waiting people seemed to pay all the attention to him, while no one seemed to notice at all the great, proud monster there beside him.

How different the road to Schenectady was nowadays! Where were the horses and the cows, the bridges and the farms, and the long stretch of forest land he used to know? So many houses! So many people! People, people, people everywhere! And what were these funny little carriages with people in them? They looked like carriages, but they had no horses on in front. "Choo," he cried at them; they never noticed him. "Choo, choo, CHOO," he cried; they never jumped at all. But what fun it was! Oh, what fun it was, to run free and happy again, to turn his wheels round and round, to slide gayly along the rails!

When he reached the top of the hill near Schenectady (his old stopping-place) another crowd of people came out to meet him. All the old-fashioned people on the coaches

climbed down and joined the crowd, and everybody cheered and cheered.

"DeWitt Clinton," they called over and over. "Hooray, hooray!" Then they fastened a huge wreath under his old black nose. It was almost like his wonderful "excursion" all over again.

A man with a voice like the roar of an engine told every one how just one hundred years ago today some far-seeing men had started the Mohawk and Hudson Railway, now a part of the great New York Central line, how little Blacknose had been the first engine to run along its track, and how, today, they had come to honor him and celebrate the founding of his railway. It was the hundred-years-old birthday party of the New York Central.

Little Blacknose was very proud and

pleased. The long years of neglect in the Albany station were quite forgotten. The Twentieth Century Limited was standing quiet and ignored while he was the hero of the hour. Every one was calling him a wonder again.

Suddenly some one who wanted to see him a little better drove a carriage right up close beside him. It wasn't one of these deaf-and-dumb horseless carriages, no! An old roan horse was pulling it.

"Choo, choo, choo!" cried the great De-Witt Clinton.

The horse jumped at the sudden noise, turned on his heels and ran away, carriage and driver helter-skelter after him.

"Oh, ha, ha, ha! I can still frighten the stupid old horses!" chortled little Blacknose.

CHAPTER XII: LITTLE BLACKNOSE ENTHRONED

After little Blacknose pulled his yellow coaches back to Albany again, after all his gay old-fashioned passengers climbed down and went away, then he suddenly realized that he was very tired. Such a day as it had

been! Such honor and glory had come to him! Now that it was all over, would he go back again to that dark and lonely corner? Oh, how he dreaded it! What had happened to old John Bull, he wondered, after the World's Fair was over? If only he could find him! If only they could smoke together side by side on some quiet wayside track! To be alone—through all the years ahead—alone—

At any moment, little Blacknose thought, they will stick me back again into that awful, dirty corner in the Albany station. "Rust, russssst, RUSSSSSST—that's what I'm in for!"

But no! When the hundred-year birthday party of the New York Central Railroad was over, they bundled the little engine all up in many canvas covers. They placed him

on an open freight-car and gave him another long, long ride over the bumpy rails.

"Bumbledy-bum bumbledy-bum, bumbledy-bum!"

"If only I could see where I was going, this wouldn't be so bad," thought little Blacknose. How he wanted to see, yet how he dreaded it too! Somehow, that dream of the scrap-heap was always with him. He had had his last run. Surely now they were taking him to be thrown away? The "bumbledy-bum" had stopped. He felt himself being carried, but where? Oh, how he longed and feared to see!

Ah, now they were taking his wrappings from him. Now his wheels were free. Now his boiler was uncovered—and now—! But when the last of the canvas wrappings in which he was carefully swathed had been

torn from him, he found himself in the strangest and most wonderful place in the world. No scrap-heap this! No dark corner this! No rust-pile this!

At first the lights blinded him—lights up above him, lights down below him, lights all around him. They made him feel dizzy and queer and uncertain. Then he found that he was looking down from a sort of high-up place, down upon a huge hall, where crowds of people were hurrying, rushing down great open marble stairs, surging across a vast open space, pouring through other openings beyond. In the middle of the open space was a funny little round booth. In all of his ninety-five years, he had never seen so many people before!

"Where in the world am I?" he cried to himself.

Indoors? But where?

Is it a palace? (The English engine had told him about palaces.)

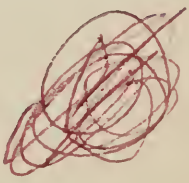
"Am I on a kind of throne?"

And then he glanced up and saw over his head the blue sky (or what looked like it) and noticed friendly little stars twinkling, twinkling at him.

"It's indoors—and yet it's outdoors, too," thought little Blacknose. "Perhaps it's heaven—a kind of engine-heaven! At any rate it's not the scrap-heap. It's not dark and dusty. It's strange, but it's the loveliest place I've ever seen."

Just then, from far away, he heard an old, familiar sound, a whistling rush and roar, distant, far below him, but unmistakable—the call of the engines!

A great light dawned on little Blacknose.



"Why, it's a railroad station, I do believe, the biggest railroad station in the world! All these people are hurrying to catch trains. I can't see the trains, but I can hear and sense them someway. The trains are there. I know the trains are there!"

Little Blacknose was right, for this was the Grand Central Terminal, the great New York railroad station. The blue sky which he had noticed was only the blue roof of the station high, high above. The twinkling stars were electric lights placed in such a way as to look like real stars in a real sky. The little central booth was a place where officials stayed to tell people-who-didn't-know what trains to catch! Blacknose was not placed upon a regular track, of course. His running days were over now. He was placed upon a gallery high up at one end of

the great central hall, where he could look down upon all the hurrying people, and all the hurrying people could look up at him!

Pretty soon some workmen brought in Blacknose's wooden tender and fastened it on behind him, and then they fastened on behind three of his lovely yellow coaches. They dusted and cleaned them. They dusted and cleaned the little engine. They even polished up his long, long nose.

Pretty soon many people began to leave the jostling throngs below and climb the stairs or go up in the big station elevator to look at Blacknose.

Two men were standing by him now, studying him carefully.

"Well, here's a funny piece of goods!"

It was the younger of the two who spoke. How Blacknose hated him!

"My boy, don't speak disrespectfully of the DeWitt Clinton. Where would the New York Central be today without him? Look at this station, the biggest station in the biggest city in the world. Think of the monster engines that roar in and out below us. They cover fourteen States; they go from coast to coast—through wind and rain—through hurricane and blizzard—nothing daunts them, nothing halts them, tireless demons that they are. But little old DeWitt has made it possible. He was the first. He showed the way for all of them.

"A pioneer, that's what he is—a pioneer! And incidentally, he made your father's money, boy, and don't forget it!"

"A pioneer!" "He made it possible!" Little Blacknose nearly burst with joy. And now he looked down proudly from his lofty

gallery at the strange, vast station spread beneath him. His! All his! For he had made it possible!

So, through the years, little Blacknose stands, high on his lofty place of honor in the New York Central station—his black nose just as black, his yellow coaches just as bright and gay, as in the days when they made the old roan horse so jealous.

How he loves his visitors!—all of them—from the wise engineers who discuss his inner tubes to the boys and girls who simply find him dear and funny! But he likes it best when he spies in the crowd about him a little girl with cornflower-blue eyes, and hears her say: "Oh, I do wish that I could ride in one of those darling yellow coaches!"